

MARVEL
10th Sept 88

THE REAL

№13 38p
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GHSTBUSTERS™

4 GREAT STORIES INSIDE!





Ever had the flu? Issue Thirteen of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** sees our favourite foursome bed-ridden with sniffles and sneezes! Only one person remains unaffected and able to answer their calls – cold comfort to those already facing protoplasmic problems! Despite their apparent ill-health, their noses aren't the only things running, when Winston enters the team for **SPORT AID'S RACE AGAINST TIME!** If you'd like to support young athletes and contribute to the **Sports Aid Trust**, you can now purchase a superb Olympic Wallchart with which you can follow and record all the excitement and results of the forthcoming Olympic games in Seoul. The Wallchart is available for just £1.50 from Healthlife stockists, or £1.50 plus 25p post and packaging, direct from Healthlife Ltd., Charlestown House, Baildon, Shipley, West Yorkshire BD17 7JS.

Don't forget, The Race Against Time is on Sunday, 11th September 1988 and anyone can join in!

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Spiritual Guide **DAN ABNETT**

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DON'T GET CAUGHT OUT! SEND FOR YOUR FREE CURLY WURLY MAD MESSAGE PACK BEFORE THE MAD MESSAGES GET TO YOU!

Made especially for you by Cadbury's Curly Wurly, this wacky Mad Message Pack is not to be missed. You too could be the proud owner of this fun-filled pack which contains:

A set of Curly Wurly Mad Stickers – just to let your friends know how mad you really are!

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To receive your Mad Message Pack:

1. Collect 8 empty Curly Wurly wrappers.

2. Write your name and address in **BLOCK CAPITALS** on a piece of paper.

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P.O. BOX 100
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TN6 2EQ

4. If you require more than one pack, simply send the equivalent number of wrappers, stating the amount required.

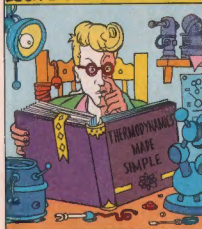
We regret that any applications not enclosing the necessary amount of empty wrappers will not be accepted. This offer is subject to availability and Cadbury's cannot accept responsibility for any application lost, delayed or damaged in the post or which omit the applicant's name and address or necessary proofs of purchase, or is presented insufficiently stamped. Please allow 28 days for delivery. Offer closes: 31st December 1988



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

WHEN THEY ARE NOT BUSTING SPOOKS THE GHOSTBUSTERS TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN VARIOUS FORMS OF RELAXATION...

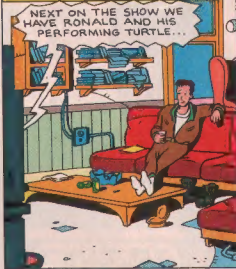
EGON ENJOYS A LIGHT READ...



RAY OFTEN PREPARES A LIGHT SNACK...



...AND PETER LIKES A SPOT OF LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT...



BUT DURING ONE SUCH FREE PERIOD THE CALM IS SHATTERED.



PETER, YOU'RE A LAZY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING SLOUCH!

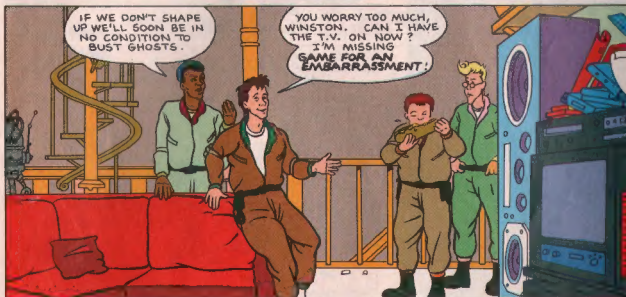
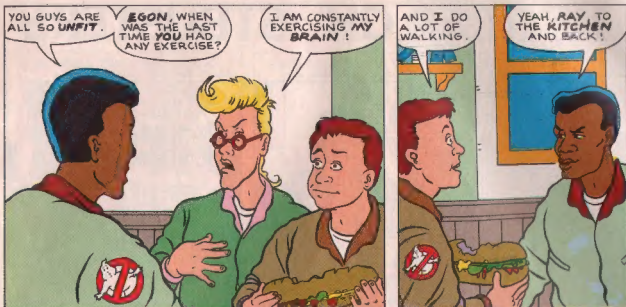
FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NO WHERE.

WHAT IS ALL THE COMMOTION?

MUNCH! WE'RE OUT OF COLESLAW!

**SPEED
DEMON**









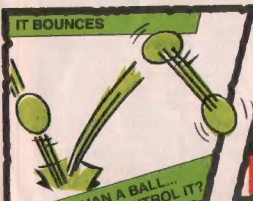
**THE COOL
GREEN
BLOB FROM
OUT-OF-NOWHERE
HITS
the City Streets...**
Anything could happen

**WATCH OUT
MUTANT'S ABOUT**

**OK MUTANT.
SHOW ME
WHAT YOU
CAN DO.**

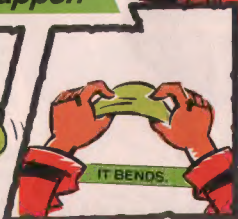


IT BOUNCES



**HIGHER THAN A BALL...
BUT CAN YOU CONTROL IT?**

IT BENDS.



IT SNAPS



**- AND MENDS
- INSTANTLY.**



IT'S ELASTIC.



IT'S FANTASTIC.

IT TRANSFORMS.



**MOULD
MUTANT TO
ANY SHAPE.**

**IT
MUTATES**



**AND IN SECONDS IT
BEGINS TO CHANGE.**

IT'S COOL.

IT'S CLEAN.

IT'S GREEN.

IT'S MUTANT.

MUTANT

AND IT GLOWS IN THE DARK.

**THE A-MAZING NEW MATERIAL THAT'S
OUT OF THIS WORLD**

FROM ALL GOOD TOY SHOPS EVERYWHERE. GET YOURS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

ITALIES

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

NUMEROLOGY

One of the most curious occult sciences is that of Numerology, whereby significance and fortune can be divined from certain special numbers. Experts in the field, place enormous faith on the study of the prime integers of magic, or the special properties of historical dates. Take for example, the bizarre case of Daley McBain, who found that his phone number (17861829) was the combined birth and death dates of his great great grandfather, the famous spiritualist, Binkley McBain. This did not explain, however, why he received so many wrong numbers asking for someone called Cecil. Most mysterious. Incidentally, if you can think of a reason, give him a call.

Certain numbers have special significance for the numerologist. Three, seven and nine are all considered as 'lucky numbers' with special powers of chance. Other numbers are sort of unlucky. Proof comes from the disturbing case of the numerologist, Hank Lopez, who had a dream in which he saw the number thirteen hanging over a racetrack. The next day, Friday 13th, as chance would have it, he went to the racetrack and put thirteen dollars on the thirteenth horse in the thirteenth race. Sure enough, it came thirteenth. Suddenly mistrustful of the



PART 13

whole thing, Lopez decided to go home, but refused to take a bus as only the number thirteen went to his part of town. On the way, as he was crossing 13th Avenue, he was run over by thirteen milk floats owned by 'Unlucky For Some Dairy', 13, Acacia Avenue, Boston. The accident occurred because the drivers of the milk float convoy were all rather tipsy, having each had thirteen milk daquiries at the thirteenth annual Milk Produce Distributors Conference. At the inquest, the counsel for the defence claimed that the accident represented a massive numerological singularity of near biblical proportions. The judge replied that it was more of a moving traffic violation, and with a great sense of occasion, fined them thirteen thousand dollars each.

Other numbers become unlucky if applied to certain circumstances. King Vincent of Lymanovania was obsessed with the number forty-seven and had the forty-seventh page of every book in his kingdom removed as he considered it very unlucky. He was eventually murdered by forty-seven angry writers whose plots he had ruined.

As more and more of mankind's knowledge becomes processed in terms of numerals in the computing networks of the world, the magical powers of some numbers could be augmented by our technology. Calvin Darrow of Des Moines claims to be the world's first techno-numerologist, making predictions and telling fortunes with a numerical generator, a microprocessor and a tangentially-modified numerical-polarising unit. He can predict the future, correct to twenty decimal places, tell you your lucky number as a hexadecimal digit and through a simple binary equation he has shown that the number of the Beast is actually now exdirectory. Opponents claim this is all a load of squid-bait and that the number of the Beast is actually 17861829, after six o'clock and ask for Cecil.

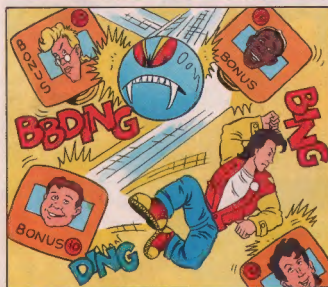
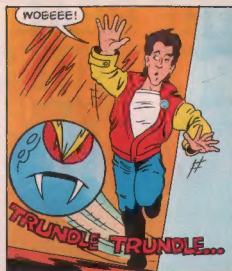
Whatever. It's all very strange as far as I can see, and I think it would do us all good to stop worrying about figures and pay attention to looking after number one.

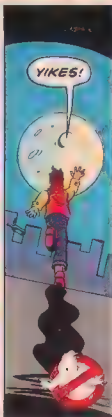
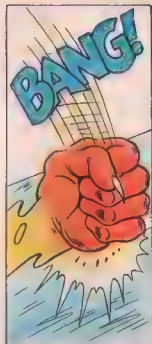
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

PINBALL WIZARD!



Story JOHN CARNELL ● Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD ● Lettering HEL ● Colouring STUART PLACE





GHOST WRITING!



Well, I guess there are quite a few of you out there who are suffering with writer's cramp by now! Keep those letters rolling in and I'll answer as many as I humanly can!

Dear Peter . . .

Why has Egon's hair turned yellow when in the film it was black?

– M. Horbury, No-fixed-abode

Well observed, it is a question that is on the tip of many a readers tongue! You are quite right, Egon did have black hair originally, but due to an unfortunate accident in his laboratory, his hair is now permanently blond.

Was the boy on page fourteen in issue six Winston's son?

– Darren Reason, Walthamstow

No, Darren, he was just a cute kid who happened to be passing by at the time. But it goes to prove your Mum was wrong, I read all my mail!

I think **The Real Ghostbusters** is the best comic ever! I would like to ask you two questions:

1. Does Slimer have a Mum or a Dad?
2. How much food could Slimer eat in one day?

– Allan Browne, Cumbernauld

Thanks for your questions, Allan. 1. I suppose Slimer must have had parents originally, but seeing as Egon believes that Slimer has been a ghost for almost five hundred years, it's no surprise that we've never seen them! 2. As for the amount of food Slimer could eat in one day, there is no answer. He seems to be able to pour any amount into that revolting slimy body and so far the supermarket hasn't been able to provide enough groceries for Egon to test him with!

I'm going to ask you some questions:

1. Why did the toy company make the toy of Ray so fat?
2. Who is your best friend out of Egon, Ray and Winston.

– Wai Kit, London

Ha Ha! I see what you mean about the toy of Ray looking a bit chubby, but I can assure you, they are very good likenesses! As for your second question, they are all my best friends – no favouritism here!

Which one of you does Slimer like best and do The Ghostbusters ever go on holiday?

– Anne Jones, Wednesfield

I can't really say who Slimer likes the most, but I certainly know who he likes to slime the most - yep, yours truly! As for your second question, even The Real Ghostbusters occasionally need a break from their hectic lifestyle, so we do go on holiday, and I reckon we must be due for one pretty soon!

You are very brave and I like the stories in the comic very much. I want to know if Slimer ever pops when he eats something big?

– Steven Wood, Ashford

Gee, that's very kind of you, Steven. Your question about Slimer made me laugh – It would certainly solve my problem if Slimer did pop but no doubt I'd still get slimed! The answer is no – unfortunately!

I bet you have a lot of baths after Slimer slimes you because Ecto-Plasm smells awful! Ask Egon why it smells so bad and while you're talking to him, encourage him to go out with Janine!

– Arif Shah, Leics

Ah, obviously another slime victim! Egon says that the smell is caused by it's chemical components oxidizing when it comes into contact with the air. I suggested that he take Janine out tonight, but it seems your letter has inspired him to invent a formula to deodorize slime – Janine will not be amused.

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story **DAN ABNETT**  Art **MARTIN GRIFFITHS** and **DAVE HINE**



Thursday, September, 1st, 1988.

Man, I'm so tired, I could sleep for week! It all began last Thursday. 'Least, I think it was last Thursday. We got a call from a guy called Denzel Higene, a circus conjuror from Carolina, who said he was having trouble with what he described as a 'plague of demons'. As we drove out to see him, Peter and I discussed what sort of discount we could offer for a bulk manifestation like that.

Higene lived in a trailer on the site of the LeFanu-Bradbury Carnival in Dolenz Park. His mobile home was shaking wildly as we approached, and unearthly, pink energy was sparking out of the smoke stack. "Things look a little weird in there" remarked Peter as we neared the door. I figured: heh, we're Ghostbusters, we've seen it all, what possible bad craziness could be in there, that we're not ready for?

So to find out, we kicked open the door, and fell into the middle of the Fourteenth Century.

I guess all those guys in full-mail-armour with lances, riding their warhorses across a very muddy field, were as surprised to see us fall out of the sky as we were to find them in a mobile home. Thankfully, before they could decide whether to bash us with their maces or wallop us with their bludgeons, they were

themselves attacked from behind by some of the meanest looking Class Three demons I've ever had the displeasure of setting eyes on. All pink and furry with great big pointy teeth, designed exclusively to make you go 'Yeuck!'

'Yeuck!' said several knights, falling off their horses in surprise. 'Yeuck!' added Peter for good measure as he grabbed me by the sleeve and we high-tailed it out of the confusion to find some cover. "French Crusader Knights!" howled Peter as we ran. "Class Three demons! This is looking suspiciously like bad craziness to me!"

We paused for breath in the ruins of an old windmill and watched the final few moments of the crucial Crusader Knights/Pink Demons mid season play off. The final score (Pink Demons: twelve, Crusaders: nil) was a bit of a foregone conclusion. "I really don't know what's going on" muttered Peter.

"Neither do I, old boy," answered the leather-jacketed, silk-scarfed and be-goggled fighter pilot, also hiding in the ruin. "Thought I'd lie low here until the bally hoo-ha was over and then try to make it back to Blighty. I say, which unit are you chaps from?"

"Forty-first Airbourne Ectoplasmics!" cried Peter as we ran from the windmill, "Have a nice day now!"

As we ran down the muddy hillside to the muddy valley floor, all Peter would mutter



was "bad craziness, bad craziness. . ." Over in the distance, I could see seventeen astronauts chasing a Navaho Indian along a ditch and beyond that, an Elizabethan jester and a Roman legionary trying to lasso a mammoth with a piece of garden hose, so I tended to agree with Peter.

"Say!" said a tall man in a cloak as we ran past him, "are you guys Ghostbusters?"

"yeah!" Peter cried, as we skidded to a halt, "Who are you?"

"I'm Denzel Higene, the conjuror. I've been waiting for you to arrive." The three of us took shelter in a nearby igloo whilst he explained. "It's this you see," he said, pulling an angular, brass instrument from under his cape. "My grandfather, Oral Higene, was a conjuror too and he left me this in his will. He said it was an Ecto-sextant. . ."

That of course explained it all. A sextant is a device sailors use to find their way by the stars. An Ecto-sextant works on the same sort of principle, but it is used to find paths through the Supercosmos of Space-Time. Ecto-sextants are very dangerous devices in the wrong hands. They can open up wormholes in the continuum of Space-Time causing the sort of bad craziness that was going on outside. You don't fiddle about with one.

"Have you been fiddling about with this?" asked Peter.

"Just a bit." said the conjuror.

Of course, it was quite a job getting everything back to normal. Given the circumstances I think Peter and I did pretty well. After a certain amount of fiddling about, we got the hang of the Ecto-sextant and began the job of sending things back to their own time and closing the freak wormholes. We made a few mistakes. I admit the cornfields of Nebraska have never been famous for their herds of wildebeast, but I'm sure the folks around there will get used to it. There was also an embarrassing moment when the crew of the Marie Celeste showed up, asking after their ship and Peter inadvertently sent them to ninth-century Mongolia. These things happen.

Our biggest problem was the Class Three demons, who had decided amongst themselves that the Ecto-sextant was their chance

to find lunch any time they wanted. For instance, spare ribs in the Renaissance. Luckily, Peter had figured out another of the Ecto-sextant's neat little features by then; a compression facility which enabled us to slow down the Demons' time stream, giving us about a week to discover their co-ordinates, whilst they crawled across the mud towards us, in slow motion.



Denzel Higene was so pleased with our help that he paid us double and offered to perform his act for free. Unfortunately, the rabbit he pulled from his hat as a taster of the act, was alarmingly pink and had pretty, pointed teeth, so we decided to give it a miss.

We also took the Ecto-sextant with us to stop anyone else fiddling about and causing another Space-Time disaster.

Neither Peter or I are sure how long we were in the Supercosmos and how much time we lost or gained. All we knew for sure was that after so much bad craziness, we were so tired we could sleep for a week.

Come to think of it, with the Ecto-sextant, I could sleep for a week and still see you tomorrow!



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



Who delivers the mail in Hell?
Ghostman Bat!
— Ben Collins, Kent

Why did the ghost have to go into hospital?
To have his ghoul-stones removed!
— Sandeep Sharma, No-fixed-abode

What do sea-monsters eat?
Fish and ships!
— Mervyn Fletcher, Ireland

What does a vampire watch on TV?
Horror-nation Street!
— Marcus Walford, Evesham

What is a Vampire's Favourite dance?
The Fang-dango!
— Andrew Taylor, Cheshire

What is a skeleton's favourite musical instrument?
A Trom-bone!
— Jayne Harold, Kent

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

TRANSFORMERS 181 What is the story behind **The Big Broadcast of 2006**? You'll find out the shocking facts courtesy of Ralph Macchio, Alan Kupperberg and Dave Elliott — or will you? **ACTION FORCE** provide the all-out action and excitement in our regular back-up strip.

GALAXY RANGERS 9 Find out the awesome fate of Shane Gooseman in **One of our Lawmen is Missing**. Story by Dan Abnett and Steve White, art by Mike Collins and Dave Elliott. Also, discover exciting news about the future of **GALAXY RANGERS**.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 13 This issue sees our intrepid heroes bedridden with flu. However, their noses aren't the only things that are running when Winston enters the Ghostbusters for **Sport Aid's Race Against Time**.

THUNDERCATS 77 Featuring the amazing second part of **Trial by Fire**, with the new Thundercats Bengali, Lynx-O and Pumyra.

ACTION FORCE 4 It's all-action, high-powered combat in this issue, with three great stories. **The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea**, story by Richard Alan and Steve White, art by Robin Smith, is a nautical tale set in the treacherous Straits of Hormuz. In **Betrayal**, you can discover why Dusty chooses to resign his position within **ACTION FORCE**, and **Ancient Relics** finds Flint and his comrades still doing battle against the insane Transformer — Megatron!

FLINTSTONES AND FRIENDS 10 There be a storm brewin' in this issue, mateys, when that landlubber Scooby-Doo gets mixed-up with a ghostly galleon.

ON SALE NOW!

DEEP IN THE CONGO IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE JUNGLE

**UM
BONGO**

THE LEOPARD HAD A PARTY
BUT HE MADE A REAL BUNGLE



AS ALL HIS FRIENDS, THE ANIMALS
ARRIVED WITH LOTS TO DRINK

HE REMEMBERED...

I HAVE
GOT NO CUPS
I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
TO THINK!

LOOK
UP
HERE!

YOU CAN
GET **FREE**
TUMBLERS
BY
COLLECTING
SOME
OF THESE

THE MONKEY CRIED, FROM
UP THERE IN THE TREES

WITH HIS
FREE NEW
TUMBLERS
THE PLACE
BEGAN TO
SWING

FREEEEE!

THANKS OF COURSE, TO MONKEY
AND ONE IMPORTANT THING

UM BONGO! UM BONGO! THEY DRINK IT IN THE CONGO!



Collect 15 Fruit Basket Tokens
on any Libby's Fruit Drink
Pack and we'll send you a set



of three break resistant
Tumblers **FREE!** To help you
get started, here are your
first two Fruit Basket Tokens.
Just collect 13 more and send
them with your application to
the on-pack address.

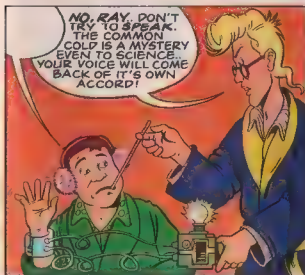
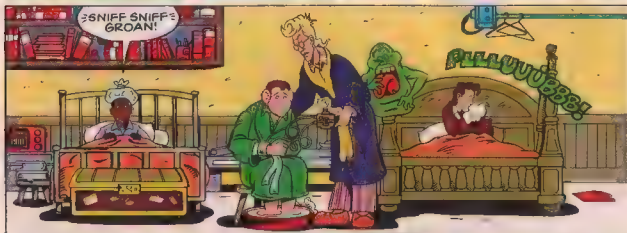
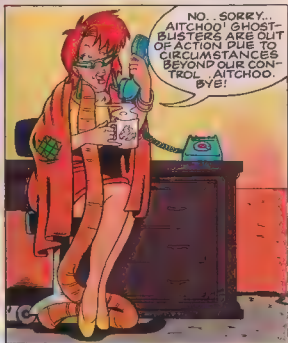
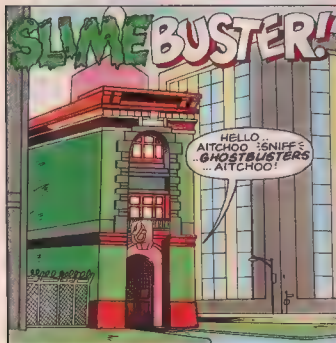
FREE TUMBLERS!

THE GIGGLING GHOUL

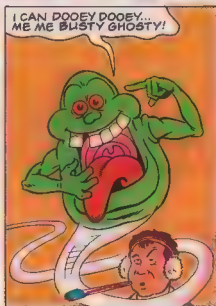
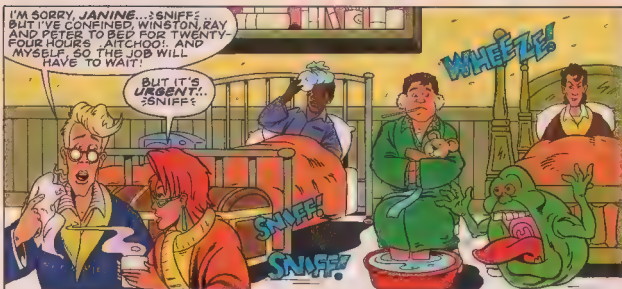
Anything that can out-joke Dr. Peter Venkman, has to be bad news and The Giggling Ghoul is the worst of the bad-Joke tellers! Materialising in this world as a jack-in-the-box, the ex-clown returned to haunt his grandson for disgracing the family name by selling cheap jokes and novelties. He caused havoc, telling terrible jokes and growing stronger under the spell of his victim's laughter, until Ray's anger made him an easy bust, when he told one 'fat' joke too many. Ending his haunting days as a joke-in-the-box as opposed to a jack-in-the-box, The Giggling Ghoul is now a permanent resident in the Ecto-containment Unit in the basement of Ghostbusters' HQ.

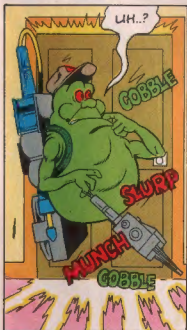
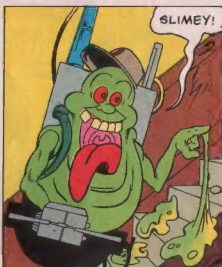
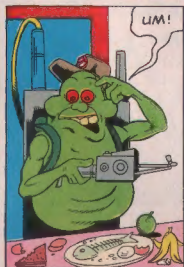
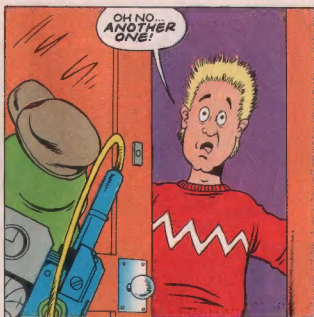


THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



Story JOHN CARNELL ☉ Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD ☉ Lettering HEL ☉ Colouring PAUL JACQUES







STAN
LEE
PRESENTS:

DRAGON'S CLAWS™

GOOD DAY. MY NAME'S SLAUGHTERHOUSE. I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU ABOUT A TEAM CALLED DRAGON'S CLAWS!



"THEY WERE THE BEST PLAYERS OUR LITTLE HUNTER-AND-HUNTED GAME PRODUCED..."



"BUT THE GAME DEGENERATED AND BECAME A KIND OF GANG-WAR. THE CLAWS QUIT AND WERE ENLISTED AS GOVERNMENT AGENTS."

"RIGHT NOW, THEY'VE GOT A LOT ON THEIR PLATE. DRAGON HIMSELF IS HAVING A BIT OF TROUBLE WITH FRENCH TERRORISTS..."



"STEEL AND DIGIT ARE 'CROSSING SWORDS' WITH A MERCILESS ROBOTIC BOUNTY HUNTER..."



"MERCY'S GOT A COPYCAT KILLER TO CONTEND WITH..."

"...AND SCAVENGER AND HIS MUTT ARE DEALING WITH THE VANISHING LADIES!"



THING IS, I'VE GOT A TEAM TOO. THEY'RE CALLED THE EVIL DEAD...

AND WHEN WE MEET UP WITH DRAGON'S CLAWS, ALL THEIR OTHER TROUBLES WILL SEEM MINOR!



ON SALE NOW 28 PAGES FULL COLOUR MONTHLY

